Don’t Cry Over Broken Eggs by brokenpromisesandhope

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Summary:

A continuation of my cooking Headcanon, where Nancy teaches Steve to cook.

Don’t Cry Over Broken Eggs

Author's Note:

> This was supposed to be a Headcanon but you know my baby boy Steve needed some love and support.
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In my original cooking Headcanons post I talked about how Steve cannot cook- his dad thought it was very feminine so he can’t really do anything. Like seriously. And once when they were poor and just started living together Steve had gotten up early, which he never never never did and had wanted to cook breakfast. He didn’t think cooking eggs could be that hard, so he’d started the eggs and somehow it ended with the fire alarm going off, waking everyone up.

Nancy ran out in concern, Jonathan had his hands over his ears and Kali looked murderous. Nancy runs up and shuts off the burner, looking at the blackened eggs and Jonathan fans the smoke detector.

Kali looks at the pan Nancy is currently scraping into the trash and then at Steve,
“You burnt the rest of the eggs? You realize none of us get paid until next Friday right?” She asks.

Now Kali’s never been the most sensitive, having been in a lab with horrible people most of her life, but no one expects Steve’s reaction of pushing past Nancy and Jonathan to go into the bathroom. The door slams and Nancy drops the pan into the sink angrily,
“Really Kali?”

“Don’t really me. What the fuck are we gonna eat?” She demands.

“We’ll, I don’t know, figure it out but don’t yell at him.”

Kali rolls her eyes,
“I was yelling to be heard over the alarm that woke me up at fucking,” she looks at the clock, “seven in the morning when I don’t need to be to work until one.”

“Jonathan tell her she yelled at him and she can’t yell at him!” Nancy demands as Jonathan finally gets the alarm to go off.

“Jonathan, tell mama bear here to take a fucking chill pill,” Kali examines her nails and Nancy glares, heading off to find Steve.

Jonathan just stares at Kali, and she tucks a lock of hair behind her ear,
“I’m going back to bed.” And she turns towards the bedroom.

Jonathan sighs as he hears their bedroom door click and he walks over to where Nancy is knocking gently on the bathroom door, eyes round with concern,
“You got him?” Jonathan whispers.

Nancy nods,
“You got her?” She asks rudely.

“Nance, she doesn’t know.”

Nancy sighs,
“I know, but it’s Steve, he was trying.”

Jonathan nods,
“I know. I’ll talk to her,” he kisses her forehead, “um, can you find some money for something to eat? Or replacement eggs?”

“Yeah, yeah, I’ll figure something out.”

Jonathan heads towards the bathroom and Nancy knocks a little harder,
“Steve, it’s me. Can I please come in?”

Eventually she tries the handle which wasn’t even locked, and she sees Steve sitting on the toilet, face buried in his hands. Nancy shuts and locks the door and goes over to him,
“Steve, sweetie, it’s okay.”

He shakes his head and looks up at her, brown eyes filled with tears,
“it’s not. I fucked everything up. I wasted our food and I can’t even cook fucking eggs,” he says angrily, digging his nails into his palms.

“Hey, Hey,” Nancy soothes, “it’s okay.”

“It’s not okay! What are we gonna eat? I woke you all up, I just, I can’t do anything right.”

Nancy shakes her head and pries his hands open, tears springing to her own eyes when she sees he’s dug bloody half moons into his palms,

“Steve, hey, look at me,” she says, trying to keep her voice steady, “please look at me honey.”

Steve looks up and she kisses him softly,
“It’s okay. No ones mad. I promise. Kali was just being Kali. She didn’t mean it. She doesn’t know that-“

“It wasn’t just,” he sighs, “cooking is a woman’s job,” he says, watching her kiss his palms, “according to my dad at least. So I never learned how to cook. Like anything. I was never allowed in the kitchen. Once in, I don’t know I was young, but my mom and I, we were making cookies and my dad beat the shit out of me and called me a queer or some shit. I don’t know, it was bad. My mom never let me back in the kitchen. My dad broke her arm. I don’t know why I tried, I just, I wanted to do something nice, but I don’t know what I’m doing and I just wasted money and I’m just so sorry,” he says, voice shaking.

Nancy wipes his eyes pulls him close,
“I’m so sorry that happened to you Steve. Just because you messed up doesn’t mean you’re incapable of doing it or can never do it. As for the eggs, don’t worry about it. I spotted Cassie some money a couple weeks ago, I’ll ask for it back today.”

“I shouldn’t have-“

“Steve,” she says firmly, “that’s enough. You did something nice. It was very nice. Do you want me to show you how to cook? We could do lessons?”

He hesitates,
“Um, I don’t,”

“While the others aren’t here. Just you and I.”

And as much as they all love each other, it was two years of SteveAndNancy before Jonathan and Kali, and sometimes it’s just easier to tell Nancy about his family, because she’d actually witnessed them. And it didn’t seem to matter they were 200 miles away and he hadn’t talked to his father in over three years, it still seemed he would burst through the door and hurt him again.

Steve lets Nancy sit on his lap and bring his head to her chest and run his hand through his hair for a few moments before he finally replies,
“Okay. We can do it.”

“Do you wanna start today? Since we’re both off? Kali doesn’t work until later but we could start after she leaves?”

“If you’re really sure Nance,”

She smiles and kisses his forehead,
“Of course I’m sure.”

They cuddle awhile longer, until there’s a knock on the door,

“It’s Jonathan! Can I talk to you quick before I have to go?”

Steve looks up and wipes his eyes,
“I don’t think,”

Nancy nods,
“I get it. I’ll tell him.”

“I don’t want him to see me like this, he gets too worried,” he gestures to his red face.

Nancy nods, he’s not exactly wrong, and she stands up, wetting a washcloth for him to clean off his face before she goes to the door. She unlocks it and slips out to see Jonathan in his black button down and black slacks, a concerned look on his face,

“How is he doing?”

“Better. But you know, if anyone’s giving away some of his favorite

cake, you know that wouldn't be a bad idea."

Jonathan nods,
"I'll have them put it on my tab. Kali feels like shit. I'm sure she's ready to kill his father by now."

"She doesn't have to feel bad."

Jonathan shakes his head, "you know her. She just wants us all to know she knows how to use her powers, and well."

Nancy nods, a small smile on her face,
"I'm sure she does."

"He's really okay?"

She sighs,
"It's worse than we thought. He's just been through so much."

Jonathan nods,
"I know. Fuck. Hopefully he like, I don't know. Can I do anything?"

She shakes her head,
"No. You get to work."

He leans down to kiss her softly,
"I love you."

"I love you too."

He knocks on the door,
"Bye Steve, I love you."

There's a muffled,
"I love you too." And then Jonathan sighs,

"Alright I've gotta go."

"Have a good day baby."

"I will try."

Nancy let's Steve rest for a minute and heads to the kitchen to start

coffee. She's surprised when it's already started and Kali is there, repeatedly igniting and extinguishing the candle on their kitchen table. Nancy doesn't interrupt her, just pours herself a cup of coffee and adds some creamer, when Kali speaks.

"I want to kill him." She says, utterly serious.

Nancy nods,
"Me too."

"Steve is, he's, it's hard to explain to someone who can't do what, I do you know, but, he has this light inside him. He's such a, a good person and how could you do that to-" she cuts herself off angrily and the candle goes flying across the room and shatters against the wall.

Nancy sets her mug down and goes over to Kali,
"It's okay. He has us now."

"Yeah and I was just a total bitch to him."

She shakes her head,
"You weren't. He's fine."

Kali rolls her eyes,
"You're just trying to make me feel better. Fine." She gets up heads to her room. At the same time the mess in the kitchen is magically cleaned up and Kali comes back and hands Nancy an envelope of money. There's only about seventy bucks in there, but it's better than the five Nancy has.

"I was trying to build us an emergency fund, but, making him feel better is better. Um, I'm just gonna go back in my room and you please make him feel better."

"Kali, we can go talk to him right now,"

She shakes her head and gives Nancy a soft kiss,
"No. He needs you right now."

When Nancy finally coaxes Steve out of the bathroom, they go shopping. She asks what he'd like to learn to make and he shyly asks if she'll teach him how to make her homemade Mac and cheese and

red velvet cupcakes. As if she could deny him, they buy all the stuff and replace the eggs. She buys him pizza for lunch and ice cream, and despite him ordering
A large, he still begs for some of hers. She gives him some of course because he gives the best ice cream
Kisses.

When they get home Kali is long gone and Nancy starts showing Steve how to do things. She almost has a heart attack when he accidentally grates his finger while grating the cheese and she fusses over him for like thirty minutes until he tells her to stop.

He'll need help making the recipe again but he definitely learns how to boil stuff. The cupcakes are a mess because he ends up eating most of the batter, insisting he will absolutely not get sick, he promises,

Jonathan comes home just as the crescents are coming out of the oven and he presents Steve with two pieces of his favorite cake. Steve stretches up on his toes to kiss him,
"I love being spoiled. This is the absolute best."

Jonathan laughs as Nancy dishes him a bowl of macaroni and gives him a croissant, and he sits down at the table next to Steve. Nancy hands him
A bowl, before getting one herself and sitting down. Kali won't be home until almost ten, so they eat.

"Steve and I made it. Isn't it good?"

"Delicious. This tastes awesome Steve. What's your secret?"

Steve just laughs and shakes his head. Nancy has to fight the boys to stop eating so there will be some left for Kali, but she also puts most of what she'd dished for herself back because it's not like she ate much anyways these days.

She showers as the boys start a show, and when she gets out, they're ready to get in and Kali is home. She looks dead on her feet and Nancy fusses over her to sit down and she reheats the food, and gets Kali some water, bringing the food to her on the couch.

Kali takes the bowl gratefully and grabs Nancy's arm before she can move away,
"Will you eat with me?"

Nancy hesitates,
"I, um, already, ate."

"What? Three bites?"

Nancy tenses and Kali sighs,
"Sorry. It's been a long day. I just, sit and eat with me?" She asks, nicer.

Nancy nods, Kali rarely apologizes, and moves to sit next to her, but she pulls Kali onto her lap. Nancy immediately protests she's too heavy but Kali just winds her arm tighter around her stomach and takes a bite of her food,
"This is amazing, as always," Kali says.

"Thank you. Steve and I made it."

Kali raises an eyebrow before nodding,
"How's he doing?"

"Good. He's with Jonathan. Um, I have some leftover money for you."

Kali nods, holding out a bite to Nancy. She takes it, reluctantly and chews slowly, ignoring Kali's eyes on her,
"You take good care of us." She says, "Sometimes you have to let us take care of you." She holds out another bite and Nancy takes it, chewing slowly.

They're done eating by the time the boys are out of the shower and Steve doesn't say anything, just hugs Kali and takes her hand and they go to the bedroom.

Jonathan shrugs and Nancy flicks off the tv,
"They always didn't need a lot of talking to communicate."

Nancy nods and heads to bring the dishes to the sink and wash them. Jonathan follows her,

“I’m glad you ate,” he says quietly.

She doesn’t say anything, tries to start washing the dishes and he grabs her hand,
“You’ve done enough for today Nancy. Let’s go to bed huh?”

She looks up at him, hair damp at the ends, eyes wide and concerned. She presses her lips together and nods. He smiles, relieved, and she forces herself to smile too. She always has to take care of them.